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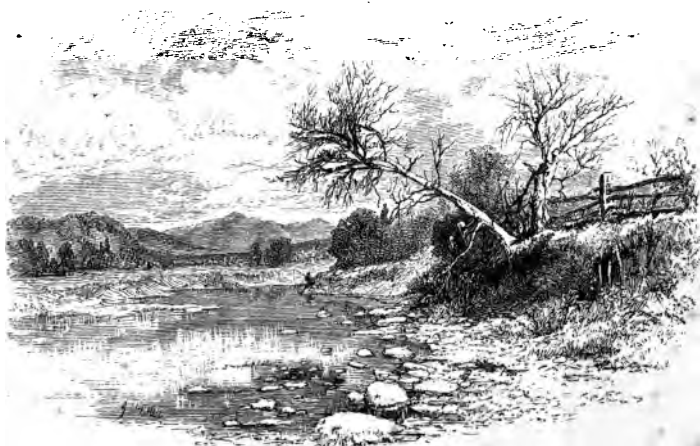
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THE
POETS OF THE WEST

A SELECTION OF FAVOURITE AMERICAN POEMS
WITH MEMOIRS OF THEIR AUTHORS.

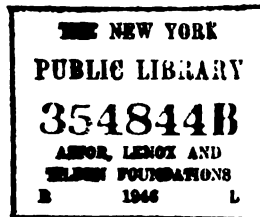
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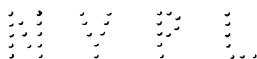
MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHORS.



JOSEPH HOPKINSON, LL.D. was born in Philadelphia, on November 12th, 1770, and was educated for the bar in his father's office. He rose to distinction in his profession, and from 1815 to 1818 was a member of the House of Representatives. In 1828 he was appointed Judge of the United States District Court of Philadelphia. This office he retained till his death, on the 15th of January, 1842. His well-known lyric, "Hail, Columbia!" has been adopted as one of the national songs of America, and has conferred a poetic immortality upon its author.

CLEMENT C. MOORE, LL.D. the son of a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, was born at New Town, Long Island, July 15th, 1779, and graduated B.A. at Columbia College in 1799. He early devoted his attention to biblical studies, and published a "Lexicon of the Hebrew Language." In 1844 he collected the poems he wrote during his earlier life, the longest of which is "A Trip to Saratoga"—a pleasant narrative of a family journey. His "Visit from St. Nicholas," taken from an old Dutch legend, is an especial favourite.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON, the descendant of a family of distinction in South Carolina, was born at Charleston, November 5th, 1779. He completed his education at Harvard College, and shortly afterwards sailed for England, where he became a student of the Royal Academy, under the presidency of Benjamin West. Here he remained three years; and then, after a sojourn at Paris, he went to Rome, where he resided for four years, and became the intimate associate of Coleridge. In 1809 he returned to America, and took up his abode at



Boston, where he married the sister of Dr. Channing. Two years after he again visited London; and, during the five years he remained here, produced some of his finest paintings. It was at this period that his wife died. In 1818 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy; and in the following year he returned to Boston, where, in 1830, he married the sister of his friend, Richard H. Dana. He then removed to Cambridgeport, where he continued to reside for the rest of his life. In 1839 he exhibited a gallery of his paintings—forty-five in number—at Boston, with great success. He died very suddenly on the night of the 8th of July, 1843. His principal poems were “The Sylph of the Seasons,” published in 1813; “Monaldi,” a story of great power; and “The Paint King.” Besides these, he was the author of many minor pieces and sonnets.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, a descendant of an old English family, one of whom was sheriff of Middlesex in the reign of Elizabeth, was born at Cambridge, near Boston, on November 15th, 1787. His early years were passed at Newport, where he passed much of his time rambling along the rock-bound coast, and becoming familiar with ocean scenery. When he was old enough, he entered Harvard College; but his feeble health did not allow him to apply himself to constant study. At his first entry into the world, he devoted himself to the law, and became a member of the legislature; but his constitutional sensitiveness unfitted him for his profession, and he relinquished it for the more congenial walks of literature. For a few years he assisted in the management of the *North American Review*, and wrote several articles, which excited the attention of literary men. In 1825 he published his first poem, “The Dying Raven,” in the *New York Review*; and, two years afterwards, gave to the world a small volume, “The Buccaneer and other Poems.” In 1839 he delivered a course of lectures on the English poets, which were warmly applauded; and in 1850 published a complete edition of his works, including poems, prose tales, and criticisms, in two volumes. Mr. Dana now resides at Boston, and passes most of the summer months at his sea-side house at Cape Ann.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE was born at New York on June 9th, 1792. His remarkable career as an actor and dramatist belongs to the history of the stage. At the age of twenty-one he sailed for England, where he resided for more than forty years. As a poet he will only be celebrated as the author of the well-known song, “Home, sweet Home;” of which upwards of 100,000 copies were sold in the year 1832. He died at Tunis,—where he was for some time consul for the United States,—in 1852.



SARAH JOSEPHA HALE (whose maiden name was Buell) was born at Newport, in New Hampshire. She married David Hale, an eminent lawyer, and, at his death in 1822, was left, with five children, dependent upon her own exertions. She is well known as the author of many successful tales and poems, and editor of various magazines.

CHARLES SPRAGUE is a native of Boston, where he was born on the 26th of October, 1791. He was educated at the Franklin school, where, by an accident, he lost the use of his left eye. He entered into mercantile pursuits at an early age; and, on the establishment of the Globe Bank in 1825, was chosen its cashier, the duties of which office he still performs. His chief poem, entitled "Curiosity," is a succession of pictures, illustrating this universal passion. His dramatic odes are elegant and polished.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY, the only child of Ezekiel Huntley, was born at Norwich, Connecticut, September 1st, 1791. She read fluently at three years of age, and composed verses when she was seven. In 1815 Miss Huntley published her first collection of poems; and four years afterwards married Charles Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford. Mrs. Sigourney is one of the most voluminous of American authoresses, and has already published nearly fifty different volumes. "Pocahontas," issued in the year 1841, is considered to be her most successful poem.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the son of an eminent physician, was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3d, 1794. One of his first poems, "The Embargo," a political satire, written at the age of fourteen, was published in 1808. He afterwards entered Williams College, where he distinguished himself in classical learning. In 1815 he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of his profession at Great Barrington, where he was married. After ten years of successful practice, Bryant removed to New York, and devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits. He edited or wrote for various reviews and magazines; and in 1826 became permanently engaged upon the *Evening Post*, one of the oldest papers in the country, and of which he is now the principal Editor. Mr. Bryant has visited Europe several times, and his collected works have more than once been published in England, where, next to Longfellow, he is the favourite of American poets.


MARIA BROOKS was born at Medford about the year 1795. Her father, whose name was Gowen, died when she was a child, and her education was completed under the care of Mr. Brooks, a merchant of

Boston, who afterwards married her. Unhappily, mercantile disaster followed a few years of prosperity. In 1820 Maria Brooks, or, to adopt her poetical name, Maria del' Occidente, published her first volume of poetry. Three years afterwards her husband died, when she removed to Cuba, where she wrote "Zophiel; or, the Bride of Seven," her most admired poem, which was republished in London in the year 1833, under the auspices of Southey, who in "The Doctor" calls her "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses." The death of her uncle, a Cuban planter, who left her his property, gave Mrs. Brooks a settled income, and she returned to the United States, where, except during a visit to England, she continued to reside for many years. In 1843 she revisited Cuba, where she died at Matanzas, November 11th, 1845.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE was born in New York, August 7th, 1795. His father died while he was young, and left his mother and three sisters with a small income. Young Drake studied medicine under a celebrated physician, Dr. Romayne, and soon after he had completed his studies, married Sarah Eckford, through whom he inherited a moderate fortune. His chief poem, "The Culprit Fay," abounds in charming fancies. In 1819 he visited New Orleans on account of his health; but returned to New York in the following spring, and died of consumption on the 21st of September 1820, at the age of twenty-five. A simple monument erected over his grave bears only his name and age, with the touching lines of his friend Halleck—

"None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise."

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK was born at Guildford, Connecticut, in August 1795; and when about eighteen years of age, became a clerk in a New York banking house, and subsequently with John Jacob Astor. He evinced an early taste for poetry, and wrote verses, which were inserted in the *Evening Post*, and the contemporary magazines. He soon after became celebrated, with Drake, as the writer of satirical poems, reflecting on New York society. In 1822 and the following year, Halleck visited Great Britain and the Continent, and wrote poems on "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns." His collected works have been published several times with considerable success. For many years past Mr. Halleck has resided at his native town, occasionally paying visits to New York, where he is always received with enthusiasm.



JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, the son of a physician, was born at Kensington, Connecticut, on September 15th, 1795. He entered Yale College at sixteen, and early distinguished himself by his learning, and his facility in writing verse. He was afterwards admitted to the practice of medicine, and removed to Charleston, where, however, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He has received several government appointments, and is now State Geologist of Wisconsin. His poems, which are very popular, have been collected and published in America and England. Dr. Percival is also a great linguist and critic.

GEORGE P. MORRIS was born in Philadelphia in 1802. He went to New York early in life, and was one of the founders of a weekly journal, called the *New York Mirror*, which was carried on for many years. Since then Mr. Morris has started several other journals, most of which have been successful. He is known in the poetic world chiefly as the writer of songs and ballads, one of which, "Woodman, spare that Tree," is extremely popular on both sides of the Atlantic. He is also the author of several dramas, one of which, "Brier Cliff," has been played in New York at four theatres on the same night to crowded houses.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, the son of Judge Hoffman, was born in New York in 1806. When eleven years of age he met with an accident, which necessitated the amputation of his right leg. At the age of fifteen he entered Columbia College, where he received the honorary degree of M.A. He then studied the law, and for a few years practised at the bar in New York. But literature seems to have had a greater attraction for him; and from the age of twenty-four he was for many years constantly connected with various magazines and journals. In 1849 Mr. Hoffman was most unhappily attacked with a mental disorder, which has interrupted his literary career.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON was born at Plattsburgh, September 27th, 1808. Of her early life we are told several anecdotes, which show that she was a child of most precocious intellect, and poems are preserved which she wrote when in her ninth year. Intense study soon undermined her naturally frail constitution; and before she had completed her seventeenth year she died of consumption. Her younger sister, Margaret Miller Davidson, seems to have possessed the same quick faculties, and unhappily met with the same fate. The poems of both sisters have been collected, and have met with much approbation.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, a native of Charleston, South Carolina, was born on the 17th of April, 1806. He chose the law for a profession, and for a short time practised at the bar. Literary pursuits, however, had greater temptations for him; and he, early in life, became associated with public journals. In 1832 Mr. Simms visited New York, and there published his poem "Atalantis," which was well received, and which introduced him to all the best authors of that city. Since then his literary career has been uniformly successful. He is the author of several volumes of poetry and songs, and has written dramas, novels, and historical romances. He is also the editor of the *Southern Quarterly Review*. Mr. Simms still resides at Charleston.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, "in an old square wooden house, upon the edge of the sea," on February 27th, 1807. He entered Bowdoin College, where, in due time, he graduated. For a short time he studied the law in his father's office; but, on receiving the appointment of Professor of Modern Languages at his college, he devoted himself entirely to literature. In 1826 Mr. Longfellow visited Europe. He was absent three years; and on his return published various essays and sketches. In 1835 he was chosen Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard College; and to qualify himself for this important honour, he made a second tour through Europe, and visited the more northern countries. His first volume of poetry, "Voices of the Night," was published at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1839; "Evangeline" appeared in 1847; "The Golden Legend" in 1851; and "Hiawatha" in 1856. Besides these he is the author of numerous smaller poems and several prose tales. In England Mr. Longfellow is undoubtedly the most popular of all the American poets.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS was born in Portland, January 20th, 1807. When he was six years of age his father removed to Boston, where the youth received his early education. He afterwards graduated at Yale; and, while there, wrote several small poems, which appeared in the journals. Immediately after leaving college, Mr. Willis entered upon a literary career, and became the editor of various magazines. He then visited Europe, and stayed in England (where, in 1835, he married Miss Stace, the daughter of an officer at Woolwich) for two years. Upon his return to America he built a cottage in the valley of the Susquehanna, where he hoped to pass the remainder of his life. The failure of his publisher and other unhappy events, however, induced Mr. Willis once more to return to active literary pursuits. He again visited Europe, and has since published several books of travel and poems, and still continues to edit the *Home Journal*. Mr. Willis's first wife died early, and Mr. Willis

married again in 1845 the daughter of the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, Member of Congress for Massachusetts.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER is of a Quaker family, and was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808. Early in life he visited Boston, and became the editor of a newspaper, where subsequently he published various tales and poems. In 1840 Mr. Whittier removed to Amesbury, Massachusetts, whence he still sends frequent contributions to the various literary journals.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the son of a literary man of some fame, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 29th of August, 1809. He graduated at Harvard College in 1829, and then entered the profession of the law, which he afterwards abandoned for medicine. In 1833 he visited Europe, where he remained for three years, chiefly at Paris; and in 1836 returned to Cambridge to take his medical degree. Dr. Holmes has published many excellent little poems, mostly of a humorous turn; and he is considered to be one of the best lecturers in America. His last work is the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." He now resides at Pittsfield on the Housatonic, on the remnant of an estate inherited from his mother.

RALPH HOYT is a native of New York. He had a good education, and became a teacher in a school. In 1842 he took orders, and has since been a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York. He has lately resided at a cottage in the village of Fort Lee in New Jersey, where, with the assistance of his friends, he has built a small church. Mr. Hoyt has published several poems, mostly of a devout tendency, and many of which have now become very popular.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Baltimore in January, 1811. His grandfather was a man of some standing, and served in the Revolution with distinction. His father, David Poe, was a law student at Baltimore, where he fell in love with and married an English actress, Elizabeth Arnold, and then took to the stage himself. Edgar was the eldest of three children; and was so remarkable for his beauty and vivacity, that when both his parents died, a friend of theirs, Mr. John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Virginia, adopted him as his son, and provided liberally for his education. In 1816 Mr. and Mrs. Allan took Edgar with them to England, where he was placed at school at Stoke Newington. Here he stayed till he was eleven years of age, when he returned to America, and entered the University at Charlottesville. It is said that he might have taken the highest honours, but his dissolute conduct led to his expulsion from the college. He shortly afterwards

quarrelled with his benefactor, and went to Europe. After twelve months' absence he became involved in some quarrel at St. Petersburg, and was sent home by the American Minister there. Mr. Allan again received him into favour, and procured him an appointment, which he only kept for one year; and soon afterwards, by some reckless behaviour, he offended his excellent friend beyond all forgiveness. Edgar Poe then gave his attention more entirely to literary pursuits; and in 1835 removed to Richmond, where he married his cousin, who, after a union of ten years, died of consumption. In 1844 he took up his residence at New York; and in the following year published, in a magazine, his poem, "The Raven," which was immediately received with the greatest applause. In 1849 he was preparing for a second marriage at Baltimore, when he was seized with a fit of insanity, brought on by his constant habit of intoxication, and was carried to a hospital, where he died on the 7th of October, 1849, at the age of thirty-eight. He was buried in Baltimore churchyard, and not a stone was erected to mark the spot! Never was a finer genius brought into alliance with so dissolute a man!

ALFRED B. STREET, the son of the Hon. Randall Street, was born at Poughkeepsie on the Hudson, and at an early age removed with his father to Monticello in Sullivan county, then almost a wilderness. The scenery of these beautiful regions is faithfully reproduced in his poems. Mr. Street early studied the law; and on his admission to the bar removed to Albany, where he has since resided, and where he has for several years held the appointment of State Librarian. He is a contributor to various magazines and journals, and has published several volumes of his collected works. His poems are chiefly descriptive of the various phases of American scenery.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD, the daughter of Mr. Locke, a merchant of Boston, was born there in the year 1812. In her early youth Miss Locke wrote verses, which were inserted in a juvenile magazine. In 1834 she formed the acquaintance of Mr. S. S. Osgood, a young painter, to whom she sat for her portrait, and who soon afterwards married her. In the following year they came to London, where they resided four years, Mr. Osgood following his profession, and his wife publishing a collection of her poems. In 1840 Mrs. Osgood received intelligence of the death of her father, and immediately returned with her husband to Boston, where they continued to reside many years. In 1849 Mr. Osgood took a journey to California; and in the following year returned with ample means, only to find his wife sinking into an early grave. She died of consumption on the 12th of May, 1850.

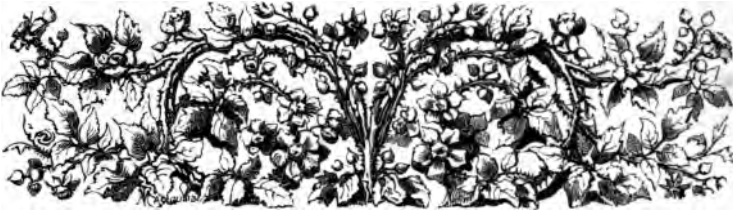
HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN, the descendant of an old English family of Devonshire, was born in 1813 at Boston, where he received his early education. When twenty years of age he visited Europe for a twelvemonth, for the benefit of a milder climate; and again in 1837 passed several months in Italy and Sicily. During these years Mr. Tuckerman was a constant contributor to various magazines, and published several volumes of sketches and poems. In 1845 he removed from Boston to New York, where he has since resided.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, the son of the Rev. S. H. Coxe, of Brooklyn, was born at Mendham, New Jersey, May 10th, 1818. After a course of private instruction he entered the University of New York, where he graduated in 1838. In July 1841, Mr. Coxe was ordained deacon, and in the following year became rector of St. Anne's, Morrisania. He was next called to St. John's Church, Hartford; and at present he is the rector of Grace Church, Baltimore. Mr. Coxe wrote several poems at an early age; and in 1840 published a volume of "Christian Ballads," which has been very successful.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, the descendant of a well-known New England family, was born at Elm-wood, the present residence of the family, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22d, 1819. He was educated in the town, and in 1838 obtained his degree at Harvard College. Mr. Lowell then studied for the bar; but soon relinquished the law for the more congenial path of literature. In 1843 he commenced a literary journal, which, however, was not successful. In the following year his poem, "A Legend of Brittany," appeared, and met with deserved applause. In 1848 he published another series of poems, including "The Vision of Sir Launfal," one of the most popular of his productions. Mr. Lowell was married in December 1844; but unhappily his wife died in October 1853. Her husband privately printed a volume of her poems, which exhibit considerable genius.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, March 12th, 1822. His boyhood was passed among scenes of country life, until he was seventeen years of age, when, after the death of his father, he moved to Cincinnati, and obtained a situation in the studio of Clevinger the sculptor. Devoting himself to art, he soon obtained some reputation as a portrait painter, and in 1841 went to New York with the intention of following this profession. In the following year he moved to Boston, where, in 1847, he published his first volume of "Poems." This was followed by a second volume of "Lays and Ballads," published in 1848 in Philadelphia.

BAYARD TAYLOR, the son of a Pennsylvanian farmer, was born January 11th, 1825, in the village of Kennett Square, Chester County. At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to a printer at Westchester. He employed his leisure hours in learning Latin and French, and in writing verses, which were well received by the editors of various magazines. In the year 1844 he obtained sufficient funds to enable him to accomplish a long wished-for project of a walking tour through Europe, the expenses of which for two years were a little above two hundred pounds. In the summer of 1851 he set out on a tour in the East; visited England, the Rhine, Vienna, and in November arrived at Cairo. He then entered Central Africa, and made a journey of four thousand miles through the interior. He next visited Palestine and Syria; and, passing through Constantinople, returned to England. In the following year he went to Bombay, and thence to China and Japan. After an absence of two years and a half, during which time he had travelled upwards of fifty thousand miles, he returned to New York. During all this time letters, descriptive of his journey, continually appeared from him in the *Tribune* newspaper. He has since visited Norway and Sweden, and Russia, and Tartary, and published records of his travels.



HAIL, COLUMBIA!

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.


HAIL, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valour won!
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame !
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause :
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war ; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat :
But, armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
When Hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm—united, &c.





A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there ;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap ;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name ;
“ Now, *Dasher !* now, *Dancer !* now, *Prancer* and *Vixen !*
On, *Comet !* on, *Cupid !* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen !*
To the top of the porch ! to the top of the wall !
Now dash away ! dash away ! dash away all ! ”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky ;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled ! his dimples how merry !
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry !
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow ;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath ;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself ;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread ;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose ;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“ *Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night !* ”



AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ALL hail ! thou noble land,
Our Fathers' native soil !
O, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore !
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er !

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the guest sublime ;
While the Tritons of the deep


With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.

Then let the world combine,—
O'er the main our naval line
Like the milky-way shall shine
Bright in fame !

Though ages long have past
Since our Fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains ?

While the language free and bold
Which the Bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ;—
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast ;—

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,—
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun :
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
“ We are One.”





THE HUSBAND'S AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

RICHARD H. DANA.

HUSBAND and wife ! No converse now ye hold,
As once ye did in your young days of love,
On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,
Its silent meditations, its glad hopes,

Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies ;
 Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss
 Full, certain, and possessed. Domestic cares
 Call you not now together. Earnest talk
 On what your children may be, moves you not.
 Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence ;
 'Tis not like that in which ye rested once
 Most happy—silence eloquent, when heart
 With heart held speech, and your mysterious frames,
 Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat
 Touched the soft notes of love.

Stillness profound,

Insensible, unheeding, folds you round ;
 And darkness, as a stone, has sealed you in.
 Away from all the living, here ye rest :
 In all the nearness of the narrow tomb,
 Yet feel ye not each other's presence now.
 Dread fellowship ! together, yet alone.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love ?
 And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
 Commingling spirits ? Are thoughts that know no bounds,
 But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
 The eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—
 Are they become mere tenants of a tomb ?
 Dwellers in darkness, who th' illuminate realms
 Of uncreated light have visited and lived ?
 Lived in the dreadful splendour of that throne,
 Which One, with gentle hand the veil of flesh
 Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
 In glory ? throne, before which even now
 Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down
 Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed ?

Souls that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
Thou awful, unseen presence—are they quenched,
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
By that bright day which ends not, as the sun
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?

And with our frames do perish all our loves?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give speech,
And make it send forth winning harmonies,
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents? no more?
To live in it, and when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

Oh, listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas
Join in this solemn, universal song.
Oh, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating midst day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step

Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears :
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it ; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Why is it that I linger round this tomb ?
What holds it ? Dust that cumbered those I mourn.
They shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes,
And put on those of light. They're gone to dwell
In love—their God's and angels'. Mutual love,
That bound them here, no longer needs a speech
For full communion ; nor sensations strong,
Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain
To be set free, and meet their kind in joy.
Changed to celestials, thoughts that rise in each,
By natures new, impart themselves, though silent.
Each quick'ning sense, each throb of holy love,
Affections sanctified, and the full glow
Of being, which expand and gladden one,
By union all mysterious, thrill and live
In both immortal frames : Sensation all,
And thought, pervading, mingling sense and thought !
Ye paired, yet one ! wrapped in a consciousness
Twofold, yet single—this is love, this life !

Why call we, then, the square-built monument,
The upright column, and the low-laid slab,
Tokens of death, memorials of decay ?
Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,

And learn thy proper nature ; for thou seest,
In these shaped stones and lettered tables, figures
Of life : More are they to thy soul than those
Which he who talked on Sinai's mount with God
Brought to the old Judeans—types are these
Of thine eternity.

I thank thee, Father,
That at this simple grave, on which the dawn
Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath
No close, Thou kindly unto my dark mind
Hast sent a sacred light, and that away
From this green hillock, whither I had come
In sorrow, Thou art leading me in joy.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home ! home, sweet home !

There's no place like home !



An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain ;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again !
The birds singing gaily that come at my call :
Give me these, and the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home ! sweet sweet home !
There's no place like home.

IT SNOWS.

SARAH J. HALE.

"It snows!" cries the school-boy—"hurrah!" and his shout
 Is ringing through parlour and hall,
 While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
 And his playmates have answered his call.
 It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy,—
 Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
 Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
 As he gathers his treasures of snow;
 Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
 While health and the riches of Nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the imbecile—"Ah!" and his breath
 Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
 While from the pale aspect of Nature in death
 He turns to the blaze of his grate:
 And nearer, and nearer, his soft cushioned chair
 Is wheeled tow'rds the life-giving flame—
 He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
 Lest it wither his delicate frame;
 Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,
 When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

"It snows!" cries the traveller—"Ho!" and the word
 Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
 The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
 Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;

For bright through the tempest his own home appeared—

Ay! though leagues intervened, he can see
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with their babes at her knee.
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power.

"It snows!" cries the belle,—“Dear how lucky,” and turns

From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns
While musing on sleigh-ride and ball:
There are visions of conquest, of splendour, and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day;
But the tints of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt, like the snowflakes, away;
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss,
That world has a fountain ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the widow,—“Oh, God!” and her sighs

Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek, sunk with fasting and care.
'Tis night—and her fatherless ask her for bread—
But “He gives the young ravens their food,”
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows—
'Tis a pitiful lot to be poor, when it snows!

THE BROTHERS.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

We are but two—the others sleep
 Through Death's untroubled night ;
 We are but two—oh, let us keep
 The link that binds us bright !

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
 That warms us is the same ;
 That good old man—his honest blood
 Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked—
 Long be her love repaid ;
 In the same cradle we were rocked,
 Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
 Each little joy and woe ;—
 Let manhood keep alive the flame,
 Lit up so long ago.

We are but two—be that the band
 To hold us till we die ;
 Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
 Till side by side we lie.

LINES TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

YOUNG mother! what can feeble friendship say,
 To soothe the anguish of this mournful day?
 They, they alone, whose hearts like thine have bled,
 Know how the living sorrow for the dead;
 Each tutored voice, that seeks such grief to cheer,
 Strikes cold upon the weeping parent's ear;
 I've felt it all—alas! too well I know
 How vain all earthly power to hush thy woe!
 God cheer thee, childless mother! 'tis not given
 For man to ward the blow that falls from heaven.

I've felt it all—as thou art feeling now;
 Like thee, with stricken heart and aching brow.
 I've sat and watched by dying beauty's bed,
 And burning tears of hopeless anguish shed;
 I've gazed upon the sweet but pallid face,
 And vainly tried some comfort there to trace;
 I've listened to the short and struggling breath;
 I've seen the cherub eye grow dim in death;
 Like thee, I've veiled my head in speechless gloom,
 And laid my first-born in the silent tomb.



THE INDIAN SUMMER.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

WHEN was the red man's summer?

When the rose
Hung its first banner out? When the gray rock,
Or the brown heath, the radiant kalmia clothed?
Or when the loiterer by the reedy brooks
Started to see the proud lobelia glow
Like living flame? When through the forest gleamed
The rhododendron? or the fragrant breath
Of the magnolia swept deliciously
O'er the half-laden nerve?

No. When the groves
In fleeting colours wrote their own decay,
And leaves fell eddying on the sharpened blast
That sang their dirge ; when o'er their rustling bed
The red deer sprang, or fled the shrill-voiced quail,
Heavy of wing and fearful ; when, with heart
Foreboding or depressed, the white man marked
The signs of coming winter : then began
The Indian's joyous season. Then the haze,
Soft and illusive as a fairy dream,
Lapped all the landscape in its silvery fold.
The quiet rivers that were wont to hide
'Neath shelving banks, beheld their course betrayed
By the white mist that o'er their foreheads crept,
While, wrapped in morning dreams, the sea and sky
Slept 'neath one curtain, as if both were merged
In the same element. Slowly the sun,
And all reluctantly, the spell dissolved,
And then it took upon its parting wing
A rainbow glory.

Gorgeous was the time,
Yet brief as gorgeous. Beautiful to thee,
Our brother hunter, but to us replete
With musing thoughts in melancholy train.
Our joys, alas ! too oft were woe to thee ;
Yet ah, poor Indian ! whom we fain would drive
Both from our hearts and from thy father's lands,
The perfect year doth bear thee on its crown,
And when we would forget, repeat thy name.

TALK WITH THE SEA.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

I SAID with a moan, as I roamed alone,
 By the side of the solemn sea,—
 “Oh cast at my feet, which thy billows meet,
 Some token to comfort me.
 ’Mid thy surges cold, a ring of gold
 I have lost, with an amethyst bright,
 Thou hast locked it so long, in thy casket strong,
 That the rust must have quenched its light.

“Send a gift, I pray, on thy sheeted spray,
 To solace my drooping mind,
 For I’m sad and grieve, and ere long must leave
 This rolling globe behind.”
 Then the Sea answered, “Spoils are mine,
 From many an argosy,
 And pearl-drops sleep in my bosom deep,
 But nought have I there for thee!”

“When I mused before, on this rock-bound shore,
 The beautiful walked with me,
 She hath gone to her rest in the churchyard’s breast
 Since I saw thee last, thou Sea!
 Restore! restore! the smile she wore,
 When her cheek to mine was pressed,
 Give back the voice of the fervent soul
 That could lighten the darkest breast!”

But the haughty Sea in its majesty
Swept onward as before,
Though a surge in wrath from its rocky path
Shrieked out to the sounding shore—
"Thou hast asked of our king a harder thing
Than mortal e'er claimed before,
For never the wealth of a loving heart
Could Ocean or Earth restore."



SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold ;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree ;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery,
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:



When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again.

And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil :
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlit plain ;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.

And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton,
 For ever, from our shore.



THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead ;
 They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
 The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
 And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and
 stood
 In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood ?
 Alas ! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
 Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
 The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
 Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on
men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and
glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are
still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side :
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief :
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.





GREEN RIVER.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WHEN breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink ;
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.
Yet pure its waters—its shallows are bright

With coloured pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond-stone.
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum ;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air ;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,
Beautiful stream ! by the village side ;
But windest away from haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen ;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely, save when, by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides ;
Or the simpler comes with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look ;
Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee.
Still—save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river cherry and seedy reed,
And thy own wild music gushing out
With mellow murmur and fairy shout,
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveller singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream as it glides along,
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.





THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Av, this is freedom !—these pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke :
The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
Here, with my rifle and my steed,
And her who left the world for me,

I plant me where the red deer feed
In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannas know
No barriers in the bloomy grass ;
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.
In pastures, measureless as air,
The bison is my noble game ;
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
From the long stripe of waving sedge ;
The bear that marks my weapon's gleam,
Hides vainly in the forest's edge ;
In vain the she-wolf stands at bay ;
The brinded catamount, that lies
High in the boughs to watch his prey,
Even in the act of springing, dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
Fling their huge arms across my way,
Gray, old, and cumbered with a train
Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray !
Free stray the lucid streams, and find
No taint in these fresh lawns and shades ;
Free spring the flowers that scent the wind
Where never scythe has swept the glades.

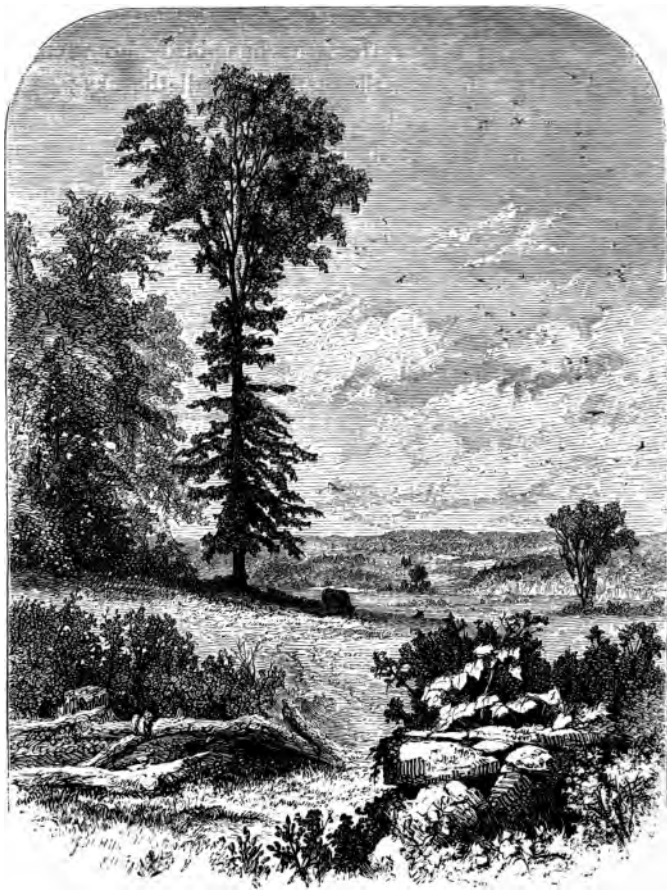
Alone the Fire, when frost-winds sere
The heavy herbage of the ground,
Gathers his annual harvest here,
With roaring like the battle's sound,

- And hurrying flames that sweep the plain,
And smoke-streams gushing up the sky :
• I meet the flames with flames again,
And at my door they cower and die.

Here, from dim woods, the aged past
Speaks solemnly ; and I behold
The boundless future in the vast
And lonely river, seaward rolled.
Who feeds its founts with rain and dew ;
Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
And trains the bordering vines, whose blue
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass ?

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,
Plunges, and bears me through the tide.
Wide are these woods—I thread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
I hunt till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and grassy height ;
And kind the voice and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.





THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around ;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles :
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.



MORNING SUNLIGHT.

MARIA BROOKS.

How beauteous art thou, O thou morning sun !—
The old man, feebly tottering forth, admires
As much thy beauty, now life's dream is done,
As when he moved exulting in his fires.

The infant strains his little arms to catch
The rays that glance about his silken hair ;
And Luxury hangs her amber lamps, to match
Thy face, when turned away from bower and palace fair.

Sweet to the lip, the draught, the blushing fruit ;
Music and perfumes mingle with the soul ;
How thrills the kiss, when feeling's voice is mute !
And light and beauty's tints enhance the whole.

Yet each keen sense were dulness but for thee :
Thy ray to joy, love, virtue, genius, warms ;
Thou never weariest : no inconstancy
But comes to pay new homage to thy charms.

How many lips have sung thy praise, how long !
Yet, when his slumbering harp he feels thee woo,
The pleased bard pours forth another song,
And finds in thee, like love, a theme for ever new.

Thy dark-eyed daughters come in beauty forth
In thy near realms ; and, like their snow-wreaths fair,
The bright-haired youths and maidens of the North
Smile in thy colours when thou art not there.

'Tis there thou bidd'st a deeper ardour glow,
And higher, purer reveries completest ;
As drops that farthest from the ocean flow,
Refining all the way, from springs the sweetest.

Haply, sometimes, spent with the sleepless night,
Some wretch impassioned, from sweet morning's breath,
Turns his hot brow and sickens at thy light ;
But Nature, ever kind, soon heals or gives him death.



BRONX.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

I SAT me down upon a green bank-side,
Skirting the smooth edge of a gentle river,
Whose waters seemed unwillingly to glide,
Like parting friends who linger while they sever ;
Enforced to go, yet seeming still unready,
Backward they wind their way in many a wistful eddy.

Gray o'er my head the yellow-vested willow
 Ruffled its hoary top in the fresh breezes,
Glancing in light, like spray on a green billow,
 Or the fine frostwork which young Winter freezes,
When first his power in infant pastime trying,
Congeals sad Autumn's tears on the dead branches lying.

From rocks around hung the loose ivy dangling,
 And in the clefts sumach of liveliest green,
Bright ising-stars the little beach was spangling,
 The gold-cup sorrel from his gauzy screen
Shone like a fairy crown, enchased and beaded,
Left on some morn, when light flashed in their eyes un-
 heeded.

The humbird shook his sun-touched wings around,
 The bluefinch caroll'd in the still retreat ;
The antic squirrel capered on the ground
 Where lichens made a carpet for his feet :
Through the transparent waves, the ruddy minkle
Shot up in glimmering sparks his red fins' tiny twinkle.

There were dark cedars with loose mossy tresses,
 White powdered dog-trees, and stiff hollies flaunting,
Gaudy as rustics in their May-day dresses ;
 Blue pelloret from purple leaves upslanting
A modest gaze, like eyes of a young maiden
Shining beneath dropt lids the evening of her wedding.

The breeze fresh springing from the lips of morn,
 Kissing the leaves, and sighing so to lose 'em,
The winding of the merry locust's horn,
 The glad spring gushing from the rock's bare bosom :
Sweet sights, sweet sounds, all sights, all sounds excelling,
Oh ! 'twas a ravishing spot formed for a poet's dwelling.

And did I leave thy loveliness, to stand
 Again in the dull world of earthly blindness?
 Pained with the pressure of unfriendly hands,
 Sick of smooth looks, agued with icy kindness?
 Left I for this thy shades, where none intrude,
 To prison wandering thought and mar sweet solitude?

Yet I will look upon thy face again,
 My own romantic Bronx, and it will be
 A face more pleasant than the face of men.
 Thy waves are old companions: I shall see
 A well-remembered form in each old tree,
 And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minstrelsy.



SONNET.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Is thy heart weary of unfeeling men,
 And chilled with the world's ice? Then come with me,
 And I will bring thee to a pleasant glen
 Lovely and lonely. There we'll sit, unviewed
 By scoffing eye; and let our hearts beat free
 With their own mutual throb. For wild and rude
 The access is, and none will there intrude,
 To poison our free thoughts, and mar our solitude!
 Such scenes move not their feelings—for they hold
 No fellowship with nature's loneliness;
 The frozen wave reflects not back the gold
 And crimson flushes of the sunset hour;
 The rock lies cold in sunshine—not the power
 Of heaven's bright orb can clothe its barrenness.



RED JACKET,
A CHIEF OF THE INDIAN TRIBES, THE TUSCARORAS.

ON LOOKING AT HIS PORTRAIT, BY WEIR.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

COOPER, whose name is with his country's woven,
First in her files, her PIONEER of mind—
A wanderer now in other climes, has proven
His love for the young land he left behind ;

And throned her in the senate-hall of nations,
Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-wrought
Magnificent as his own mind's creations,
And beautiful as its green world of thought :

And faithful to the Act of Congress, quoted
As law authority, it passed nem. con. :
He writes that we are, as ourselves have voted,
The most enlightened people ever known.

That all our week is happy as a Sunday
In Paris, full of song, and dance, and laugh ;
And that, from Orleans to the Bay of Fundy,
There's not a bailiff or an epitaph.

And furthermore—in fifty years, or sooner,
We shall export our poetry and wine ;
And our brave fleet, eight frigates and a schooner,
Will sweep the seas from Zembla to the Line.

If he were with me, King of Tuscarora !
Gazing, as I, upon thy portrait now,
In all its medalled, fringed, and beaded glory,
Its eye's dark beauty, and its thoughtful brow—

Its brow, half martial and half diplomatic,
Its eye, upsoaring like an eagle's wings—
Well might he boast that we, the Democratic,
Outrival Europe, even in our kings !

For thou wast monarch born. Tradition's pages
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
But that the forest tribes have bent for ages
To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee.

Thy name is princely—if no poet's magic
Could make RED JACKET grace an English rhyme,
Though some one with a genius for the tragic
Hath introduced it in a pantomime,

Yet it is music in the language spoken
Of thine own land ; and on her herald roll ;
As bravely fought for, and as proud a token
As Cœur de Lion's of a warrior's soul.

Thy garb—though Austria's bosom-star would frighten
That medal pale, as diamonds the dark mine,
And George the Fourth wore, at his court at Brighton,
A more becoming evening dress than thine ;

Yet 'tis a brave one, scorning wind and weather,
And fitted for thy couch, on field and flood,
As Rob Roy's tartan for the Highland heather,
Or forest green for England's Robin Hood.

Is strength a monarch's merit, like a whaler's ?
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong
As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors,
Heroes in history, and gods in song.

Is beauty ?—Thine has with thy youth departed ;
But the love-legends of thy manhood's years,
And she who perished, young and broken-hearted,
Are—but I rhyme for smiles and not for tears.

Is eloquence ?—Her spell is thine that reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport ;
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,
The secret of their mastery—they are short.

The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding
The hearts of millions till they move as one :

Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded
The road to death as to a festival ;
And minstrels, at their sepulchres, have shrouded
With banner-folds of glory the dark pall.

Who will believe ? Not I—for in deceiving
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream ;
I cannot spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem ;

Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing
Would, like the Patriarch's, soothe a dying hour,
With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing,
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlit bower ;

With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil ;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air ;
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clenched fingers in a captive's hair !

That in thy breast there springs a poison fountain,
Deadlier than that where bathes the Upas-tree ;
And in thy wrath, a nursing cat-o'-mountain
Is calm as her babe's sleep compared with thee !

And underneath that face, like summer ocean's,
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear.

Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
 Her pipe in peace, her tomahawk in wars ;
 Hatred—of missionaries and cold water ;
 Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars ;

Hope—that thy wrongs may be, by the Great Spirit,
 Remembered and revenged when thou art gone ;
 Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit
 Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne !



CONNECTICUT.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

— still her gray rocks tower above the sea
 That crouches at their feet, a conquered wave ;
 'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
 Where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave ;
 Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands are bold and
 free,
 And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave ;
 And where none kneel, save when to Heaven they pray,
 Nor even then, unless in their own way.

Theirs is a pure republic, wild, yet strong,
 A "fierce democracie," where all are true
 To what themselves have voted—right or wrong—
 And to their laws denominated blue ;

(If red, they might to Draco's code belong ;)

A vestal state, which power could not subdue,
Nor promise win—like her own eagle's nest,
Sacred—the San Marino of the West.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
They bow to, but may turn him out next year ;
They reverence their priest, but disagreeing
In price or creed, dismiss him without fear ;
They have a natural talent for foreseeing
And knowing all things ; and should Park appear
From his long tour in Africa, to show
The Niger's source, they'd meet him with—"We know.

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why ;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty ;
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none.
Such are they nurtured, such they live and die :
All—but a few apostates, who are meddling
With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and peddling ;

Or wandering through the southern countries, teaching
The A B C from Webster's spelling-book ;
Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
And gaining by what they call "hook and crook,"
And what the moralists call overreaching,
A decent living. The Virginians look
Upon them with as favourable eyes
As Gabriel on the devil in Paradise.

But these are but their outcasts. View them near
At home, where all their worth and pride is placed ;

And there their hospitable fires burn clear,
 And there the lowliest farmhouse hearth is graced
 With manly hearts, in piety sincere,
 Faithful in love, in honour stern and chaste,



In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
 Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.

And minds have there been nurtured, whose control
 Is felt even in their nation's destiny ;

Men who swayed senates with a statesman's soul,
And looked on armies with a leader's eye ;
Names that adorn and dignify the scroll,
Whose leaves contain their country's history,
And tales of love and war—listen to one
Of the Green-Mountaineer—the Stark of Bennington.

When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
Briefly he spoke before the fight began :
“Soldiers ! those German gentlemen are bought
For four pounds eight and sevenpence per man,
By England's king ; a bargain, as is thought.
Are we worth more ? Let's prove it now we can ;
For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
OR MARY STARK'S A WIDOW !” It was done.

Hers are not Tempe's nor Arcadia's spring,
Nor the long summer of Cathayan vales,
The vines, the flowers, the air, the skies, that fling
Such wild enchantment o'er Boccaccio's tales
Of Florence and the Arno ; yet the wing
Of life's best angel, Health, is on her gales
Through sun and snow ; and in the autumn time
Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.

Her clear, warm heaven at noon—the mist that shrouds
Her twilight hills—her cool and starry eves,
The glorious splendour of her sunset clouds,
The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
Come o'er the eye, in solitude and crowds,
Where'er his web of song her poet weaves ;
And his mind's brightest vision but displays
The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.

And when you dream of woman, and her love ;
Her truth, her tenderness, her gentle power ;
The maiden listening in the moonlit grove,
The mother smiling in her infant's bower ;
Forms, features, worshipped while we breathe or move,
Be by some spirit of your dreaming hour
Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air
To the green land I sing, then wake, you'll find them
there.



MORNING AMONG THE HILLS.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

A NIGHT had passed away among the hills,
And now the first faint tokens of the dawn
Showed in the east. The bright and dewy star,
Whose mission is to usher in the morn,
Looked through the cool air, like a blessed thing
In a far purer world. Below there lay,
Wrapped round a woody mountain tranquilly,
A misty cloud. Its edges caught the light,
That now came up from out the unseen depth
Of the full fount of day, and they were laced
With colours ever brightening. I had waked
From a long sleep of many changing dreams,
And now in the fresh forest air I stood
Nerved to another day of wandering.

Before me rose a pinnacle of rock,
Lifted above the wood that hemmed it in,
And now already glowing. There the beams
Came from the far horizon, and they wrapped it
In light and glory. Round its vapoury cone
A crown of far-diverging rays shot out,
And gave to it the semblance of an altar
Lit for the worship of the undying flame,
That centred in the circle of the sun,
Now coming from the ocean's fathomless caves,
Anon would stand in solitary pomp
Above the loftiest peaks, and cover them
With splendour as a garment. Thitherward
I bent my eager steps; and through the grove,
Now dark as deepest night, and thickets hung
With a rich harvest of unnumber'd gems,
Waiting a clearer dawn to catch the hues
Shed from the starry fringes of its veil
On cloud, and mist, and dew, and backward thrown
In infinite reflections, on I went,
Mounting with hasty foot, and thence emerging,
I scaled that rocky steep, and there awaited
Silent the full appearing of the sun.

Below there lay a far-extended sea,
Rolling in feathery waves. The wind blew o'er it,
And toss'd it round the high-ascending rocks,
And swept it through the half-hidden forest tops,
Till, like an ocean waking into storm,
It heaved and weltered. Gloriously the light
Crested its billows, and those craggy islands
Shone on it like to palaces of spar
Built on a sea of pearl. Far overhead,
The sky, without a vapour or a stain,

Intensely blue, even deepened into purple,
When nearer the horizon it received
A tincture from the mist that there dissolved
Into the viewless air,—the sky bent round,



The awful dome of a most mighty temple,
Built by omnipotent hands for nothing less
Than infinite worship. There I stood in silence—
I had no words to tell the mingled thoughts

Of wonder and of joy that then came o'er me,
Even with a whirlwind's rush. So beautiful,
So bright, so glorious! Such a majesty
In yon pure vault! So many dazzling tints
In yonder waste of waves,—so like the ocean
With its unnumber'd islands there encircled
By foaming surges, that the mounting eagle,
Lifting his fearless pinion through the clouds
To bathe in purest sunbeams, seemed an osprey
Hovering above his prey, and yon tall pines,
Their tops half-mantled in a snowy veil,
A frigate with full canvas, bearing on
To conquest and to glory. But even these
Had round them something of the lofty air
In which they moved; not like to things of earth,
But heightened, and made glorious, as became
Such pomp and splendour.

Who can tell the brightness,
That every moment caught a newer glow,
That circle, with its centre like the heart
Of elemental fire, and spreading out
In floods of liquid gold on the blue sky
And on the ophaline waves, crowned with a rainbow
Bright as the arch that bent above the throne
Seen in a vision by the holy man
In Patmos! who can tell how it ascended,
And flowed more widely o'er that lifted ocean,
Till instantly the unobstructed sun
Rolled up his sphere of fire, floating away—
Away in a pure ether, far from earth,
And all its clouds,—and pouring forth unbounded
His arrowy brightness! From that burning centre
At once there ran along the level line
Of that imagined sea, a stream of gold—

Liquid and flowing gold, that seemed to tremble
Even with a furnace heat, on to the point
Whereon I stood. At once that sea of vapour
Parted away, and melting into air,
Rose round me, and I stood involved in light,
As if a flame had kindled up, and wrapped me
In its innocuous blaze. Away it rolled,
Wave after wave. They climbed the highest rocks,
Poured over them in surges, and then rushed
Down glens and valleys, like a wintry torrent
Dashed instant to the plain. It seemed a moment,
And they were gone, as if the touch of fire
At once dissolved them. Then I found myself
Midway in air ; ridge after ridge below,
Descended with their opulence of woods
Even to the dim-seen level, where a lake
Flashed in the sun, and from it wound a line,
Now silvery bright, even to the farthest verge
Of the encircling hills. A waste of rocks
Was round me—but below how beautiful,
How rich the plain ! a wilderness of groves
And ripening harvests ; while the sky of June—
The soft, blue sky of June—and the cool air,
That makes it then a luxury to live,
Only to breathe it, and the busy echo
Of cascades, and the voice of mountain brooks,
Stole with such gentle meanings to my heart,
That where I stood seemed heaven.





ROOM, BOYS, ROOM.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

THERE was an old hunter camped down by the rill,
Who fished in this water, and shot on that hill.
The forest for him had no danger nor gloom,
For all that he wanted was plenty of room !

Says he, "The world's wide, there is room for us all ;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room ?"

He wove his own nets, and his shanty was spread
With the skins he had dressed and stretched out overhead ;
Fresh branches of hemlock made fragrant the floor,
For his bed, as he sung when the daylight was o'er,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all ;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room ?"

That spring now half choked by the dust of the road,
Under boughs of old maples once limpidly flowed ;
By the rock whence it bubbles his kettle was hung,
Which their sap often filled while the hunter he sung,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all ;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room ?"

And still sung the hunter—when one gloomy day,
He saw in the forest what saddened his lay,—
A heavy-wheeled wagon its black rut had made,
Where fair grew the greensward in broad forest glade—
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all ;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room ?"

He whistled to his dog, and says he, "We can't stay ;
I must shoulder my rifle, up traps, and away ;"

Next day, 'mid those maples the settler's axe rung,
While slowly the hunter trudged off as he sung,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all ;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room ?"



WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'T was my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here ;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree ! the storm still brave !
And, woodman, leave the spot ;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.



THE WIDE WORLD IS DREAR.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

Oh say not the wide world is lonely and dreary !
Oh say not that life is a wilderness waste !
There's ever some comfort in store for the weary,
And there's ever some hope for the sorrowful breast.

There are often sweet dreams which will steal o'er the soul,
 Beguiling the mourner to smile through a tear,
That when waking the dew-drops of mem'ry may fall,
 And blot out for ever, the wide world is drear.

There is hope for the lost, for the lone one's relief,
 Which will beam o'er his pathway of danger and fear ;
There is pleasure's wild throb, and the calm "joy of grief,"
 Oh then say not the wide world is lonely and drear !

There are fears that are anxious, yet sweet to the breast,
 Some feelings, which language ne'er told to the ear,
Which return on the heart, and there lingering rest,
 Soft whispering, this world is not lonely and drear.

'Tis true, that the dreams of the evening will fade,
 When reason's broad sunbeam shines calmly and clear ;
Still fancy, sweet fancy, will smile o'er the shade,
 And say that the world is not lonely and drear.

Oh, then mourn not that life is a wilderness waste !
 That each hope is illusive, each prospect is drear,
But remember that man, undeserving, is blest,
 And rewarded with smiles for the fall of a tear.





BLESSINGS ON CHILDREN.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

BLESSINGS on the blessing children, sweetest gifts of Heaven to earth,
Filling all the heart with gladness, filling all the house with mirth ;
Bringing with them native sweetness, pictures of the primal bloom,
Which the bliss for ever gladdens, of the region whence they come ;
Bringing with them joyous impulse of a state withouten care,
And a buoyant faith in being, which makes all in nature fair ;

Not a doubt to dim the distance, not a grief to vex the nigh,
And a hope that in existence finds each hour a luxury ;
Going singing, bounding, brightening—never fearing as they go,
That the innocent shall tremble, and the loving find a foe ;
In the daylight, in the starlight, still with thought that freely flies,
Prompt and joyous, with no question of the beauty in the skies ;
Genial fancies winning raptures, as the bee still sucks her store,
All the present still a garden gleaned a thousand times before ;
All the future but a region where the happy serving thought
Still depicts a thousand blessings, by the wingèd hunter caught ;
Life a chase where blushing pleasures only seem to strive in flight,
Lingering to be caught, and yielding gladly to the proud delight ;
As the maiden, through the alleys, looking backward as she flies,
Woos the fond pursuer onward, with the love-light in her eyes.
Oh ! the happy life in children, still restoring joy to ours,
Making for the forest music, planting for the wayside flowers ;
Back recalling all the sweetness, in a pleasure pure as rare,
Back the past of hope and rapture bringing to the heart of care.
How, as swell the happy voices, bursting through the shady grove,
Memories take the place of sorrows, time restores the sway to love !
We are in the shouting comrades, shaking off the load of years,
Thought forgetting, strifes and trials, doubts and agonies and tears ;
We are in the bounding urchin, as o'er hill and plain he darts,
Share the struggle and the triumph, gladdening in his heart of hearts ;
What an image of the vigour and the glorious grace we knew,
When to eager youth from boyhood, at a single bound we grew !
Even such our slender beauty, such upon our cheek the glow,
In our eyes the life and gladness—of our blood the overflow.
Bless the mother of the urchin ! in his form we see her truth :
He is now the very picture of the memories in our youth ;
Never can we doubt the forehead, nor the sunny flowing hair,
Nor the smiling in the dimple speaking chin and cheek so fair :
Bless the mother of the young one ! he hath blended in his grace,
All the hope and joy and beauty, kindling once in either face !

Oh! the happy faith of children! that is glad in all it sees,
And with never need of thinking, pierces still its mysteries;
In simplicity profoundest, in their soul abundance blest,
Wise in value of the sportive, and in restlessness at rest;
Lacking every creed, yet having faith so large in all they see
That to know is still to gladden, and 'tis rapture but to be.
What trim fancies bring them flowers; what rare spirits walk their
wood,

What a wondrous world the moonlight harbours of the gay and good!
Unto them the very tempest walks in glories grateful still,
And the lightning gleams, a seraph, to persuade them to the hill:
'Tis a sweet and loving spirit, that throughout the midnight rains,
Broods beside the shuttered windows, and with gentle love complains;
And how wooing, how exalting, with the richness of her dyes,
Spans the painter of the rainbow her bright arch along the skies,
With a dream like Jacob's ladder, showing to the fancy's sight
How 'twere easy for the sad one to escape to worlds of light.
Ah! the wisdom of such fancies, and the truth in every dream
That to faith confiding offers, cheering every gloom, a gleam!
Happy hearts, still cherish fondly each delusion of your youth;
Joy is born of well believing, and the fiction wraps the truth.





EXCELSIOR.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said ;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !"
This was the peasant's last Good-night ;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard

Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !



A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate :
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,

Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;



They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,

And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes :
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.



GOD'S-ACRE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

K

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth ;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place, where human harvests grow !



THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he ;
 "Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
 I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
 The Reaper said, and smiled ;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
 These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
 In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
 And took the flowers away.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

ON the cross-beam under the Old South bell
 The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
 In summer and winter that bird is there,
 Out and in with the morning air ;
 I love to see him track the street,
 With his wary eye and active feet ;
 And I often watch him as he springs
 Circling the steeple with easy wings,
 Till across the dial his shade has passed,
 And the belfry edge is gained at last.
 'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
 And the trembling throb in its mottled throat ;
 There's a human look in its swelling breast,
 And the gentle curve of its lowly crest ;
 And I often stop with the fear I feel,
 He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
 Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—
 The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
 When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
 When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
 When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
 When the child is waked with "nine at night,"

When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird ! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee !
With wings to fly to wood and glen !
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men ;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street ;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth thy feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that, in such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart upfold ;
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving as I am unloved,)
And, while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe ;
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

MAUD MULLER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,



And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed : "Ah, me !
That I the Judge's bride might be !

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat ;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay :

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go :

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the way-side well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain :
" Ah, that I were free again !

" Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the road-side, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein :

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for Maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these : "It might have been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away !



THE LAST LEAF.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I SAW him once before,
 As he passed by the door,
 And again
 The pavement stones resound
 As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
 Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
 Not a better man was found
 By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
 And he shakes his feeble head,
 That it seems as if he said,
 "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom,

And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.



My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago,—

That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,—
Let them smile, as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.





ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine—it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes ;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar—so runs the ancient tale—
'T was hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail ;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should
fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'T was purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same ;
And oft, as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'T was filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy ; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next—it left the Dutchman's
shore
With those that in the *Mayflower* came,—a hundred souls and
more,—
Along with all the furniture, to fill their new abodes—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'T was on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim,
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery hollands in—the man that never feared—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard ;
And one by one the musketeers, the men that fought and prayed,
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid !

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo ;

And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of hollands gin!"

A hundred year, and fifty more had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose ;
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

" Drink, John," she said, " 't will do you good—poor child, you'll
never bear

This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air,
And if—God bless me—you were hurt, 't would keep away the chill ;"
So John *did* drink—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's
Hill !

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer ;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here ;
'Tis but the fool that loves excess—hast thou a drunken soul,
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl !

I love the memory of the past—its pressed yet fragrant flowers—
The moss that clothes its broken walls—the ivy on its towers—
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed—my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me ;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be ;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin,
That dooms one to those dreadful words—" My dear, where *have*
you been ? "

SNOW—A WINTER SKETCH.

RALPH HOYT.

THE blessed morn has come again ;
 The early gray
 Taps at the slumberer's window pane,
 And seems to say,
 "Break, break from the enchanter's chain,
 Away, away !"

'T is winter, yet there is no sound
 Along the air,
 Of winds upon their battle-ground,
 But gently there
 The snow is falling,—all around
 How fair—how fair !

The jocund fields would masquerade ;
 Fantastic scene !
 Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade
 Have cast their green,
 And joined the revel, all arrayed
 So white and clean.

E'en the old posts, that hold the bars
 And the old gate,
 Forgetful of their wintry wars,
 And age sedate,
 High capped, and plumed, like white hussars,
 Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,
The eaves, the door ;
The hay-stack has become a hill ;
All covered o'er
The wagon, loaded for the mill
The eve before.



Maria brings the water-pail,
But where's the well ?

Like magic of a fairy tale,
Most strange to tell,
All vanished, curb, and crank, and rail !
How deep it fell !

The wood-pile, too, is playing hide ;
The axe, the log,
The kennel of that friend so tried,
(The old watch-dog,)
The grindstone standing by its side,
All now *incog*.

The bustling cock looks out aghast
From his high shed ;
No spot to scratch him a repast ;
Up curves his head,
Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,
And back to bed.

Old drowsy Dobbin, at the call,
Amazed, awakes ;
Out from the window of his stall
A view he takes ;
While thick and faster seem to fall
The silent flakes.

The barn-yard gentry, musing, chime
Their morning moan ;
Like Memnon's music of old time
That voice of stone !
So marbled they—and so sublime
Their solemn tone.

Good Ruth has called the younker folk
To dress below ;

• Full welcome was the word she spoke,
Down, down they go,
The cottage quietude is broke,—
The snow!—the snow!

Now rises from around the fire
A pleasant strain ;
Ye giddy sons of mirth, retire !
And ye profane !
A hymn to the Eternal Sire
Goes up again.

The patriarchal Book divine,
Upon the knee,
Opes where the gems of Judah shine,
(Sweet minstrelsie !)
How soars each heart with each fair line,
Oh God, to Thee !

Around the altar low they bend,
Devout in prayer ;
As snows upon the roof descend,
So angels there
Come down that household to defend
With gentle care.

Now sings the kettle o'er the blaze ;
The buckwheat heaps ;
Rare Mocha, worth an Arab's praise,
Sweet Susan steeps ;
The old round stand her nod obeys,
And out it leaps.

Unerring presages declare
The banquet near ;

Soon busy appetites are there ;
 And disappear
The glories of the ample fare,
 With thanks sincere.

Now tiny snow-birds venture nigh
 From copse and spray,
(Sweet strangers ! with the winter's sky
 To pass away ;)
And gather crumbs in full supply,
 For all the day.

Let now the busy hours begin :
 Out rolls the churn ;
Forth hastes the farm-boy, and brings in
 The brush to burn ;
Sweep, shovel, scour, sew, knit, and spin,
 Till night's return.

To delve his threshing John must hie ;
 His sturdy shoe
Can all the subtle damp defy ;
 How wades he through !
While dainty milkmaids, slow and shy,
 His track pursue.

Each to the hour's allotted care ;
 To shell the corn ;
The broken harness to repair ;
 The sleigh t' adorn ;
As cheerful, tranquil, frosty, fair,
 Speeds on the morn.

While mounts the eddying smoke amain
 From many a hearth,

And all the landscape rings again
 With rustic mirth ;
 So gladsome seems to every swain
 The snowy earth.



THE BELLS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells—
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night !
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells !
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !

Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight !
 From the molten golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon !
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the Future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells !
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright !
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour
 Now—now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair !



How they clang, and clash, and roar !
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air !
Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows ;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamour and the clangour of the bells !

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells !
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls :
 And their king it is who tolls ;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.





A FOREST NOOK.

ALFRED B. STREET.

A NOOK within the forest ; overhead
The branches arch, and shape a pleasant bower,

Breaking white cloud, blue sky and sunshine bright,
Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,
And flecks of gold ; a soft cool emerald tint
Colours the air, as though the delicate leaves
Emitted self-born light. What splendid walls
And what a gorgeous roof carved by the hand
Of glorious Nature ! Here the spruce thrusts in
Its bristling plume, tipp'd with its pale green points ;
The scallop'd beech leaf, and the birch's cut
Into fine ragged edges, interlace :
While here and there, through clefts, the laurel lifts
Its snowy chalices half-brimmed with dew,
As though to hoard it for the haunting elves
The moonlight calls to this their festal hall.
A thick, rich, grassy carpet clothes the earth,
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The fern displays
Its fluted wreath beaded beneath with drops
Of richest brown ; the wild-rose spreads its breast
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging fir
Has dropped its dark, long cone.

The scorching glare
Without, makes this green nest a grateful haunt
For summer's radiant things ; the butterfly
Fluttering within and resting on some flower,
Fans his rich velvet form ; the toiling bee
Shoots by, with sounding hum and mist-like wings ;
The robin perches on the bending spray
With shrill, quick chirp ; and like a flake of fire
The redbird seeks the shelter of the leaves.
And now and then a flutter overhead
In the thick green, betrays some wandering wing
Coming and going, yet concealed from sight.
A shrill, loud outcry—on yon highest bough

Sits the gray squirrel, in his burlesque wrath
Stamping and chattering fiercely : now he drops
A hoarded nut, then at my smiling gaze
Buries himself within the foliage.
The insect tribe are here ; the ant toils on
With its white burthen ; in its netted web
Gray glistening o'er the bush, the spider lurks,
A close-crouched ball, out-darting as a hum
Tells its trapped prey, and looping quick its threads,
Chains into helplessness the buzzing wings.
The wood-tick taps its tiny muffled drum
To the shrill cricket-fife, and swelling loud,
The grasshopper its swelling bugle winds.
Those breaths of Nature, the light fluttering airs,
Like gentle respirations, come and go,
Lift on its crimson stem the maple-leaf,
Displaying its white lining underneath,
And sprinkle from the tree-tops golden rain
Of sunshine on the velvet sward below.
Such nooks as this are common in the woods :
And all these sights and sounds the commonest
In Nature when she wears her summer prime.
Yet by them pass not lightly : to the wise
They tell the beauty and the harmony
Of e'en the lowliest things that God hath made.
That His familiar earth and sky are full
Of His ineffable power and majesty ;
That in the humble objects, seen too oft
To be regarded, is such wondrous grace,
The art of man is vain to imitate ;
That the low flower our careless foot treads down
Is a rich shrine of incense delicate,
And radiant beauty, and that God hath formed

All, from the cloud-wreathed mountain to the grain
 Of silver sand the bubbling spring casts up,
 With deepest forethought and severest care.
 And thus these noteless lovely things are types
 Of His perfection and divinity.



LABOUR.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

LABOUR is rest—from the sorrows that greet us ;
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
 Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow,
 Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow ;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow !
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Labour is health ! Lo the husbandman reaping,
 How through his veins goes the life current leaping ;
 How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
 Free as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
 Labour is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth,
 Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth,
 From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
 Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, tho' shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
 Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee,

Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
 Work—for some good be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower be it ever so lowly;
 Labour!—all labour is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us:
 Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,

Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
 Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;
 More and more richly the Rose-heart keeps glowing;
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

“Labour is worship!”—the robin is singing,
 “Labour is worship!”—the wild bee is ringing,
 Listen! that eloquent whisper up-springing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
 From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower,
 From the small insect the rich coral bower,
 Only man in the plan shrinks from his part.

Labour is life!—'tis the still water faileth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth:
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens ;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens ;
 Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune !



WEST POINT.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

WILD umbrage far around me clings
 To breezy knoll and hushed ravine,
 And o'er each rocky headland flings
 Its mantle of refreshing green.

The echoes that so boldly rung
 When cannon flashed from steep to steep,
 And Freedom's airy challenge flung,
 In each romantic valley sleep.

His counsels here our chieftain breathed,
 Here roved his mild, undaunted eye,
 When yon lone fort with thickets wreathed,
 Held captive Britain's gallant spy.

Fit home to rear a nation's youth,
By self-control to nerve the will,



Through knowledge gain expansive truth,
And with high aims life's circle fill.

How grateful is the sudden change
From arid pavements to the grass,
From narrow streets that thousands range,
To meadows where June's zephyrs pass !

Beneath the cliffs the river steals
In darksome eddies to the shore,
But midway every sail reveals
Reflected on its crystal floor.

In tranquil mood the cattle walk
Along the verdant marge to feed,
While poised upon the mullein stalk
The chirping red-bird pecks the seed.

Low murmurs in the foliage bred,
The clear horizon's azure line,
Fresh turf elastic to the tread,
And leafy canopies are thine.

White fleecy clouds move slowly by,
How cool their shadows fall to-day !
A moment on the hills they lie,
And then like spirits glide away.

Amid the herbage, yesternight
His web the cunning spider threw,
And now, as sparkling diamonds bright,
It glistens with the pendent dew.

Gay butterflies dart on and sink
O'er the sweet blossoms of the pea,
And from the clover's globe of pink
Contented hums the downy bee.

In all his varied beauty glows
Deep meaning for the thoughtful heart,
As it were fain to teach repose,
And lofty confidence impart.

How vivid to my fancy now
Uprise the forms that life redeem !
The ardent eye, the open brow,
And tender smile beside me seem.

For Nature's presence gathers back
The deeds that grace, the loves that cheer ;
And as her holy steps we track,
Hope's rainbow breaks through sorrow's tear.





HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR AND
KNOCKETH.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

In the silent midnight watches,
List,—thy bosom door !
How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh,
Knocketh evermore !

Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating :
 'Tis thy heart of sin ;
 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth—
 “ Rise, and let me in.”

Death comes on with reckless footsteps,
 To the hall and hut :
 Think you, Death will tarry, knocking,
 Where the door is shut ?
 Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth—
 But the door is fast ;
 Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth ;
 Death breaks in at last !

Then, 'tis time to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in ;
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin.
 Nay,—alas, thou guilty creature !
 Hast thou then forgot ?
 Jesus waited long to know thee,
 Now He knows thee not.





THE SINGING LEAVES.

A BALLAD.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

“WHAT fairings will ye that I bring ?”
Said the king to his daughters three ;
“For I to Vanity Fair am bound,
Now say what shall they be ?”

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
The lady tall and grand,
“Ye shall bring to me the diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand.”

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red,

“For me bring silk that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head.”

Then lowly spake the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

“There came a bird at sunrise
And sang 'neath my bower-eaves,
And sent the sweet dream that bade me
To ask for the Singing Leaves.”

The vein of his forehead reddened
In a ridge of angry scorn,
“Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born.

“But thou, like a thing of peasant blood,
That is happy binding the sheaves!”
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, “Thou shalt have thy Leaves.”

II.

He bade farewell to the elder twain,
And touched his lips to their cheek.
But 't was thrice he kissed the Princess Anne,
And looked back and did not speak.

And he has ridden three days and nights,
Till he came to Vanity Fair ;

And easy it was to buy gems and gold,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree :
“ Oh, if ye have ever a singing leaf,
I pray you to give it me !”

But the trees all kept their counsel ;
They said neither yea nor nay ;
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the aspen pattered
With a sound like growing rain,
That fell ever fast and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

“ Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page,
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me these Singing Leaves,
If they grow 'neath sun or moon ?”

Then lightly turned him Walter, the page,
By the stirrup as he ran,
“ Now pledge to me the truesome word
Of a knight and gentleman,

“ That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle-gate ;
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be the traitor's fate !”

The king's head dropped on his bosom
A moment as it might be—

"T will be my hound, he thought, and he said,
"I pledge my word to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin ;
"And give you this to the Princess Anne—
The Singing Leaves are therein."

III.

As the king rode in, o'er the loud draw-bridge
A maiden to meet him ran ;
And, "Welcome, father !" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here thy Singing Leaves," quoth he ;
"And wo, but they cost me dear !"
She took the packet, and her smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down to her very heart,
And then flushed back again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first leaf, when she opened it,
Sang, "I am Walter, the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are all my heritage !"

And the second leaf sang, "But in the land
That is neither on earth or sea,
My harp and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee !"

And the third leaf sang, "Be mine! be mine!"
And still it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," she said :
"I have my wish thrice o'er ;
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings with them evermore."



THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

FAIR dweller by the dusty way—
Bright saint within a mossy shrine,
The tribute of a heart to-day
Weary and worn is thine.

The earliest blossoms of the year,
The sweet-brier and the violet,

The pious hand of Spring has here
Upon thy altar set.



And not alone to thee is given
The homage of the pilgrim's knee—

But oft the sweetest birds of heaven
Glide down and sing to thee.

Here daily from his beechen cell
The hermit squirrel steals to drink,
And flocks which cluster to their bell
Recline along thy brink.

And here the waggoner blocks his wheels,
To quaff the cool and generous boon ;
Here, from the sultry harvest fields
The reapers rest at noon.

And oft the beggar marked with tan,
In rusty garments grey with dust,
Here sits and dips his little can,
And breaks his scanty crust ;

And, lulled beside thy whispering stream,
Oft drops to slumber unawares,
And sees the angel of his dream
Upon celestial stairs.

Dear dweller by the dusty way,
Thou saint within a mossy shrine,
The tribute of a heart to-day
Weary and worn is thine !



HASSAN TO HIS MARE.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

COME, my beauty ! come, my desert darling !
 On my shoulder lay thy glossy head !
 Fear not, though the barley-sack be empty,
 Here's the half of Hassan's scanty bread.

Thou shalt have thy share of dates, my beauty !
 And thou know'st my water-skin is free :
 Drink and welcome, for the wells are distant,
 And my strength and safety lie in thee.

Bend thy forehead now, to take my kisses !
 Lift in love thy dark and splendid eye :
 Thou art glad when Hassan mounts the saddle—
 Thou art proud he owns thee : so am I.

Let the Sultan bring his boasted horses,
 Prancing with their diamond-studded reins ;
 They, my darling, shall not match thy fleetness
 When they course with thee the desert-plains !

Let the Sultan bring his famous horses,
 Let him bring his golden swords to me—
 Bring his slaves, his eunuchs, and his harem ;
 He would offer them in vain for thee.

We have seen Damascus, O my beauty !
And the splendor of the Pashas there ;
What's their pomp and riches ? Why, I would not
Take them for a handful of thy hair !

Khaled sings the praises of his mistress,
And, because I've none, he pities me :
What care I if he should have a thousand,
Fairer than the morning ? I have thee.

He will find his passion growing cooler
Should her glance on other suitors fall :
Thou wilt ne'er, my mistress and my darling,
Fail to answer at thy master's call.

By and by some snow-white Nedjid stallion
Shall to thee his spring-time ardor bring ;
And a foal, the fairest of the Desert,
To thy milky dugs shall crouch and cling.

Then, when Khaled shows to me his children,
I shall laugh, and bid him look at thine ;
Thou wilt neigh, and lovingly caress me,
With thy glossy neck laid close to mine.



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